



BEST OF THE WEST

THE 11th BIG ISSUE --ALL BRAND NEW STORIES!

BEST OF THE WEST

NO. 11

FEATURING ALL
YOUR FAVORITES



STRAIGHT ARROW

THE MAN IN THE STAGE HAD A STRANGE AND VIOLENT TALE AND HIS EYES NARROWED VENGEMFULLY AS HE TOLD IT! BUT THEN HE BOKE ON TOWARD AN EVEN GREATER ADVENTURE...AND A STARTLING REVELATION—FOR STRAIGHT ARROW HAD TAKEN A HAND IN THE AFFAIR OF—

**"THE HUNTER
AND
THE HUNTED!"**



THE DRIVER OF THE STAGE HAD BEEN DRIVING TWO DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP. HE SLEEPS SLEEPILY—HIS HANGING LOOSELY FROM HIS HANDS.



SUDDENLY A THICK BLACK CLOUD SPTS A SHADING GUY.



AND THE STAGE'S TEAM BOLTS FRENZIEDLY—TUMBLING THE DRIVER FROM HIS PERCH!









I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT HERBERT WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM SURETHER—FROM WHY HE'S NEEDED TO SPEAK TO YOU.

I'LL BE RIGHT ON BOARD TO YOU MR. ANGELOU, IF YOU SHOW ME EXACTLY WHAT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IS...

AND SO—TWO DAYS LATER—THE MAN FROM THE STAGE BEGINS CLIMBING SLOWLY AND CAUTIONALLY UP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN!



HE IS NEAR THE HERMIT'S CAVE NOW, CRAWLING TORTUOUSLY FORWARD...



HE FINDS NARROW VENEREALLY AS HE SEES THE HERMIT SLOWLY HE DRAWS THE KNIFE...



THE FISHING BLADE GLINTS EVILLY IN THE SUNLIGHT...



BUT SURPRISE! THE MAN FROM THE STAGE COMES OUT IN SURPRISE AND SHOCK!



OWW! WHAT'D YOU SHOOT MY KNIFE OUTA MY HAND FOR?

JUSTICE WOODS IN STRANGE WAYS—BUT AFTER BEING STABBED IN THE BACK!



I AM STRAIGHT ARROW, A COWBOY WARRIOR. I HAVE HEARD YOU HUNT A KILLER. IF THIS BE THE MAN LET US TAKE HIM TO THE SHERIFF TOGETHER!

WHO ARE YOU?

THAT MAN! HE'S MY RACE! I KNOW HIS RACE!







GHOST RIDER

the

STAMPEDE
AND SCARING
WAS RAZOR-
SHARP HORNS
DROPPING RED.
THE PHANTOM
BULL CAME
OUT OF THE
MIGHT TO DEAL
A HORRIBLE
DEATH TO ALL
WHO STOOD
IN HIS PATH.
EVEN THE
GHOST RIDER
FELT THE DEAD
HAND OF DEATH
UPON HIS BROW
WHEN HE SAW

THE
HORNS
OF
HORROR!



EVERYTHING
QUIET, MEN?

NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT—LEM, THEM
HORNS SO PEACEFUL
YUH WUN HEAR CACTUS
NEEDLES DROPPIN'...



BUT TWO
HOURS LATER—

WEEEEE!
THAT COMES
THRU PHANTOM
BULL!



THEY'LL BE THIN THIN STAMPEDES THIS — WHAT'RE YOU GON' WARE, SLIM? I THOUGHT LEM TOLD YUH TO STAY BACK AT THUN RANCH!

I AM TO GIT THAT BULL IF IT'S THUN LAST THING I DO!

MISS LIZ'S BEEN LOST! TOO MANY CREEKS! I PROMISED HER DAD TO LOOK AFTER HER...



BUT SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE NIGHT GALLOPS A SPIDER IN BLACK!



THE NEXT MORNING —

THE WASHIN IS ANGRILY LEM. WHEN MY DAD DIED, HE SAID I SHOULD KEEP HIS OLD COMMANDS ON — BUT THEY'VE BEEN GETTIN' KILLED, ONE BY ONE...

SLIM TRIED TO ROPE THE PHANTOM BULL. WA-AM — THAT'S WHY IT HAPPENED.

NOW WEEZE YUH LL BELIEVE WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YUH ABOUT THIS HERE PHANTOM BULL. HAH. HE AINT WUTHIN TO TRIFLE WITH, AN' THERE'S NO WAY OF FIGHTIN' HIM...



WAY ON THUN OTHER SIDE OF THUN GREAT DRYDE, BOOMS A PHANTOM HERO. THUN BULL IS THUN LEADER...



"THAT BULL NEEDS TRAVELIN' DOWN TO EARTH TO GET MORE CATTLE FOR HIS HERD. BUT HE DOESN'T COME ALONE ..."



"THAT FIGHTIN' SLACK COMES ALONG WITH HIM. HE STANDS GUARD OVER THAT BULL, AN' THROWS HIS FIRE KNIVES AT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO HARM IT ..."



"YOU MAY BE RIGHT, LEM— BUT IT'S HARD TO SWALLOW— I'LL BE SOME FOR A FORTHNIGHT. WATCH AFTER THE RANCH AS BEST YOU CAN."

"YUM! YOU DEPEND ON ME, MA'AM."



"IN TOWN, VERY LATE THAT NIGHT, A SHARPLED FIRST RAIDS URGENTLY ON THE DOOR OF BEN FURY FEDERAL MARSHAL."



"WHAT'S WRONG?"
"I GOTTA TALK FAST, MARSHAL—I THINK I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED. NOW LISTEN— WE AN' BLUE WERE THEM LAST OF THIN OLD HANDS AT LIZ NELSON'S RANCH. BLUE'S DEAD NOW AN' ..."



"... BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ROARS RUMBLE THUNDEROUSLY BY— AND A PLANNED WIRE HUSTLES THRU THE AIR."



"FAKE, ADDED TO THE STRANGE TALK I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT THE SONGS— ON AT LIZ NELSON'S RANCH, WANTS IT THINK THE SHOOT EVER HAD BETTER TAKE A HAND ..."



SO THE GHOST RIDER KEEPS A
LONELY VIGIL OVER HIS HELD-UP
HERD, AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER—



THAT GLOW IN THE
DISTANCE—
IT'S THE
PHANTOM
BULL!



JUST
THEN—

THE TREE
LIMB GAVE
BROOK!

CRACK!



IT'S THIN
GHOST RIDER—!
AM HE GOIN'
TO GET BORED
TO DEATH!!



AT THE LAST POSSIBLE
MOMENT, THE GHOST
RIDER, EXPECTING A
MAGNIFICENT SPRING
CARE, REVEALS, ROLLS
OUT FROM UNDER THE
FLASHING HORNS, BUT—

MY SHOULDER, FOR OF
HIS HOOF, TRAMPLED
MY SHOULDER.



HE GHOST RIDER KEEPS ROLLING
TILL HE RESTS IN A SMALL ARROYO,
RENDERED INVISIBLE BY THE BLACK-
NESS OF HIS CAP AND THE NIGHT.

MY
DISAPPEARED!

WHY STAY
HERE?
I'M GOINNA
TELL THE BOSS
WHAT HAPPENED!



A
LITTLE
LATER—

WHEW— SO THIN GHOST RIDER'S
AFTER US / THAT'S GOOD / AM WE
LIE IN COMIN' BACK TOMORROW
NIGHT / WE GOTTA WORK FAST, WE
WILL HERE AS SOON AS SHE COMES—
AM BUTLE THIN RIDER DO YOU
WANT BEFORE THIN GHOST RIDER
WIN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE!

THUNDERBOLT COMES, AND
SO DOES LIZ. UNWAKING
THEY MEET AND KISS.



BUT BEFORE THE
BLAZE REACHES HER—



THE RIDER IN BLACK
SLIDING LIPS A
GLEAMING KNIFE—
TAKES CAREFUL
AND—



AS THE KNIFE
WHIZZES TOWARD
THE UNSUSPECTING
GIRL, IT BURSTS
INTO FLAME!



I LAY IN THE ARROYO ALL
NIGHT, GRITTING MY TEETH
WITH PAIN— BUT FORTUNATELY
HEALED IN TIME FOR ME TO
SAVE THE GIRL'S LIFE!

STAND BACK,
MRS— I'LL GET
THE MAN WHO
TRIED TO KILL
YOU!

JUST
THEN—

FOOL! I HAVE
FACED FAR GREATER
ODDS IN MY STRUGGLE
AGAINST EVIL—

SHOOT HIM
DOWN, MEN!
IT'S FOUR
AGAINST ONE!



BUT AS THE GHOST RIDER MATCHES
SHOOTING GUN WITH HIS ADVERS-
ARIES, THEIR DIABOLIC LEADER IS
OPENING A SECRET CORRAL!

AW-W-W-W— HERE'S THAT GHOST
RIDER WIN OUTSHOOT MY MEN, BUT
HE CAN'T DO THAT AND WARD OFF
THAT HORDE OF HORROR AT THE
SAME TIME!







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THE GHOST RIDER!**

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GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...

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MY MEN WERE ALWAYS STATIONED RIGHT WHERE THIN BULL CHARGED! THEY PULLED HIM IN, ENTERED HIM, AND MADE SURE THEY WOULD GET SOME OF THE STAMPEDOED MEAT ENDED UP IN THIN BOX CANYON WHERE I'VE BEEN KEEPIN' ALL THIN RUSTLED CATTLE —



TIM HOLT

A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE FOR A PRINCE? A DIAMOND FOR A DAME? ARE THESE THE ACTS OF A MADMAN? NO! FOR THESE ARE THE BIDDINGS OF THE **PACK RAT**—ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS AND CLEVER CRIMINALS OF THE ENTIRE WILD WEST. HE OWES BETTER THAN HE TAKES! WHY? WHY?

ONLY **REDHANK** KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT, AS HE FIGHTS DRAMATICALLY TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THESE queer robberies, FOR HE KNOWS THAT DEATH WILL COME TO GET HIM—

**"WHEN
THE
PACK RAT
STRIKES!"**



DARK HANDS IN A DARK VAULT. A SINGLE COIN, A GREAT PRINCE IS LIFTED INTO THE LIGHT—AND A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE LEFT IN ITS PLACE.

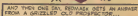
AS DARK FLOODS THE WESTERN COUNTRY AND GROWS TO EARLY MORNING—

JIM, BANGSWORTH BEGINS TO AND STOLE AN OLD FINE—AND LEFT THE FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE IN ITS PLACE!

WELL, YOU'RE GOOD...









"THEM TWO BROTHERS STUMBLED ON THE BIGGEST GOLD VEN IN THESE UNITED STATES..."

"BULL! BULL! I'VE FOUND IT! MORE GOLD THAN THERE IS IN THE TREASURY! COME TAKE A LOOK!"

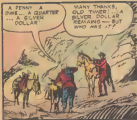


"WELL, OK, THEM BROTHERS MADE THEMSELVES A MAP, SO THE STORY GOES, SCRAWLED ON A PIECE OF LEATH..."



"A PENNY... A DIME... A QUARTER... A SILVER DOLLAR..."

"MANY THANKS, OLD TIMER!... A SILVER DOLLAR REMAINS — BUT WHO HAS IT?"



"SOME HOURS LATER, ON THE ROAD TO BULLET..."

"NO SENSE RUNNING, LADY! I'VE SPENT MONEY TO TRACE DOWN THOSE FOUR COWS YOUR GRANDFATHER AND GRANDUNCLE NAMED 'HAT MAP ON!' I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE IT NOW!"



"FOR A MOMENT, GEEB AND PAKEE 'EM' ARE LOCKED IN A SILENT STRUGGLE..."

"GOT THE MONEY BELT — WHERE YOU KEEP THE SILVER DOLLAR?"

"NOT AHO! GIVE IT BACK TO ME! GRANDFATHER LEFT IT TO ME, HOPING I'D BE ABLE TO FIND THE GOLD WITHOUT THE OTHER COWS..."



"ATTRACTED BY THE SCREAMS OF THE TERRIFIED GR., BEDMACK — RICHIE BACK FROM HIS MEETING WITH THE PROSPECTOR — HURTLING INTO THE CURNING THIEF —"



"IN A MOMENT, THE TWO MEN ROLL OVER AND OVER, FIGHTING TO ODDS..."



WITH A DEEPER SWOON OF MUSCLE, "THE PACK RAT" HURLS REDMARK BACK AND FLIES...



—BY BLOWING UP THE BRIDGE, SO HE CAN'T CROSS OVER TO THIS SIDE OF THE CANYON?



A SPLIT SECOND LATER—



HE GOT AWAY AGAIN! BUT THIS IS WORSE THAN BEFORE! NOW HE HAS THE COIN HE NEEDS TO COMPLETE HIS MAP—AND HE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT THAT MAP WILL REVEAL!



I REMEMBER THE SILVER DOLLAR REDMARK. IT HAD 1 SCRATCHES ON IT!

DRAW THEM FOR ME. MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO GUESS THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD FROM THE DOLLAR MAP ALONE...



THE LAST SCRATCH OF COURSE! AN ARROW POINTING TO THE WOMAN'S NOSE... A CAVE BACK IN THE RIFLE MOUNTAINS!



IT'S JUST A GUESS — BUT IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE!



LATER, AT THE ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND CAVE DEEP IN THE SIERRA MOUNTAINS ...



WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND. I DON'T HOLD OUT MUCH HOPE, THOUGH!

FOR HALF AN HOUR, REIDWALK AND THE GUL HUNT FRANTICALLY, WITHOUT ANY LUCK —



IT'S NO USE! I GUESS MY HUNCH THAT IT WAS SQUAW'S NOSE WHERE THE GOLD MINE WAS IS A BURN ONE! — LISTEN!

JUST THEN —

THAT SOUND WE HEARD CAME FROM HERE! IT'S THE PACK RAT!



You!

YOU WANTED GOLD — HERE IT IS!



PIST TROD HOME ON FACES AND BIRGS! DRYING FOR BREATH, THE EXHAUSTED MEN GO BACK AND BACK —



AND THEN, AS THE PACK RAT REACHED FOR A HIDDEN GUN —



HE SAID LIKE A STONE! THE GOLD HE LOADED INTO THOSE SPECIALLY DESIGNED POTS AND PANS WILL DROWN HIM — JUST AS IF HE'D WEIGHED A GOLDEN ANCHOR AROUND HIS BODY!



THE END

The DURANGO KID

HERE WAS A
TIME - A DESPERATE TIME - WHEN
MULEY PIKE HAD TO CARRY
THE BALL AGAINST A TERRIBLE
EVIL. THAT WAS WHEN **THE**
DURANGO KID FELL PREY TO

"The Sling of Death!"

Art by **NEED**
CHANDLER



THE DURANGO KID HAD JUST BROUGHT IN
ANOTHER CHALKOOT!

TORLE PAH WHISKERS!
THEY'S THIN DURANGO
CHALKOOT THIS WEEK!

YAHOO! DURANGO
THREE D. WHAT WE D
CHICKS FOR WITHOUT
DURANGO! THE HAH!



COME ON, BOYS -
LET'S ALL GO HAVE
A DRAGON
THIS!

NOW, NOW BOYS -
YOU KNOW I
NEVER TOUCH
THE STUFF!



AW, COME ON,
DURANGO - JUST
THIS ONCE FOR
A SPECIAL
CELEBRATION!
BE A SPORT!

WELL,
ALL
RIGHT -
JUST
THIS
ONCE!



DOWN SHE
GOES! HONKAY FOR
DURANGO!







JOHN BURLY GALLOPS FOR HIS HIDEOUT IN THE WILDS...





OUT! THE BULLET ONLY GRAZED HOLEY'S HEAD...

JUST A
MINUTE! THEY

AM GIT IT TUN
DURNED FEDERAL KEEP 'UL
CAN'T GRILL ONE DROP! GULLY
I ONLY HOPE THERE'S
ENOUGH OF IT!

GULLY! OH, HUH! HAD
THAT BOTTLE - IT'S BROKE!
GULLY! GROWL! BUST! I
LIVE NOW!

STONE! IT'S HOLLOW AN' SOME O'
THAT PORCIN GOT CAUGHT IN IT!
I'LL KEEP IT RIGHT IN THERE!
STONE



ANYMORE...

YIPPEE!

KEEP RIDIN', BOYS - WE
GOT 'EM OUTSHOT, OUTFOUGHT
AN' OUTSMARTED!

YHOOO - THERE'S TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZE
LOUGHORNS HERE!



RIGHT! AN' THERE'S MORE MONEY
WHAR THIS CAME FROM! (AIN'T NOthin')
TUN STOP US, BOYS - NOT EVEN
GHOSTS!

HEY BOSS - DID YUH
SAY SOMETHIN' 'BOUT
GHOSTS?

THAT DURNED KID!
SS-SSSS! HE'S D-D-D-D!





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